UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Profits of Risk

By H. R. MUSSEY

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Chapter XVIII *By* M. K. GANDHI

What I Found in Hawaii

By EMMA MAYER

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UNITY

A Journal of Religion in Democracy

UNITY was the first American paper to discover Gandhi, of India. When the great Mahatma was unknown even to newspapers, UNITY hailed him as "the greatest man in the world." Its files contain the most complete record of Gandhi and his work that exists in this country, and are continuing this record of original documents, special articles, editorial comments regularly. It is now publishing his Autobiography in weekly installments.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 1926 NUMBER 24

DEMOCRACY

Democracy has as yet been on trial too short a time to determine with any degree of certitude whether it will prove any more permanently successful than any other form of government. We certainly can never again "recapture the first fine careless rapture" with which it was regarded as the beginning of the millenium during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Nevertheless, if there has been much to cause sober pondering as to what the effects of democracy are likely to be, . . . on the other hand, it is well not to allow oneself to despair because of intelligence tests, or the emergence of raw *mores* which may grate on the sensitive. In the case of the individual, we are coming to realize, as psychologists plumb the depths, that he is governed in his actions far less by rational motives than we used to think or than he himself believes. . . . In the larger sphere of social life, the life of nations, it may well be that we deceive ourselves in a similar way as to the ultra-importance of the role played by the rational intelligence. As to entrusting the power of government solely to a class composed of presumably the most intelligent members of the community—the history of New England shows us again and again, as a matter of practical statescraft, how "the wise, the rich, and the good" have shown less collective wisdom than the members of the despised lower orders, as well as a more bitter class spirit, a narrower intellectual outlook, and a less broadly human attitude toward life.

—James Truslow Adams,
in "New England in the Republic."

We are in receipt of several letters expressing the desire that we might "speed up" Gandhi's autobiography—i. e., print longer excerpts, two or three chapters together instead of one alone, in each issue of the paper. This indicates, we take it, an intensity of interest, a hunger for the story of the Mahatma, which is not satisfied by the brief numbers of the serial which appear from week to week. In answer to these inquiries and requests, we can only say what we have said before—that it is quite impossible for us to print more than the one short chapter per week. We have no manuscript or copy of the Autobiography, which is itself, we understand, still in process of writing. We are simply receiving it chapter by chapter, as it is published chapter by chapter in Gandhi's own paper, *Young India,* and thus in due order republishing it in our columns. We are running some twelve weeks behind the publication dates in India, to safeguard against delays in transmission, etc. But it is obvious that we cannot "double-up" our material, as in a few weeks we should be without any "copy," and thus have to suspend publication until new chapters came to hand. It must be obvious that, in the printing of this work, the writing of which is not yet finished, and the original publication of which is still in process, we have no choice but to keep regular pace with what is appearing in India. We can only say that we hope and expect to receive from Gandhi's hand a complete copy of the Autobiography just as soon as it is ready. If or when this is received, we shall proceed to print as generous weekly excerpts from the book as possible. Meanwhile, is there not ample material for our enlightenment and meditation in each one of these brief but amazingly frank and fearless confessions of experience? Is it not a symptom merely of our western mania of "hurry," that we should want to "speed up" this telling of the story of one of the great lives of all time? For ourselves, as we read the chapters, first as they appear in *Young India,* and again in our own columns, we find plenty to keep us occupied in mind and spirit.

The World Court situation is one which clamors for comment—especially as regards the President and his political fortunes. That Mr. Coolidge never had any convictions on this subject is definitely known by all who have ever seen the inside of the White House. Indeed, it might be safely inferred from the familiar fact that it is a rule of Mr. Coolidge's life never to have any convictions on any subject! But the President allowed himself to be convinced that public sentiment for the entry of the United States into the Court was strong, and that it was wise to heed it. Now he has his reward in seeing the World Court policy utterly repudiated by the voters everywhere. There is something almost weird in the fact that, in the senatorial primaries of this year, every World Court advocate has been defeated, and every World Court opponent elected. In such a humiliating and politically alarming predicament, the President might well find consolation in the fact that, whether the voters like it or not, we are *in!* This is a definite achievement—and Mr. Coolidge and the Republican spokesmen generally are loud in their proclamation that here is one of the things accomplished by the administration in this last session of Congress. But *is* it accomplished? Is the United States in the Court? Is there any chance of her getting in? It will be remembered that the vote of the Senate, providing membership in the World Court, was accompanied by certain reservations, five in number. These reservations, adopted on January 27th last, were immediately communicated to the forty-eight member nations of the Court, for their consideration and acceptance. To date

(July 27th), we have received three acceptances (from Cuba, Liberia, and Greece), nineteen non-committal acknowledgments, six acknowledgments and requests for time to think it over; and from twenty nations, including many of the important powers, no reply at all. Here's an intricate problem: If this is the action recorded at the end of six months, how long will it take the United States to get into the Court? The whole thing is interesting. The lucky Calvin Coolidge has won on this issue the maximum of discredit and the minimum of credit. Isn't this a fit Nemesis for a man who, if he ever does anything at all, does not what he thinks to be right but what he estimates to be shrewd.

If anybody else said the things that Secretary of the Navy Wilbur is constantly saying, we should be tempted to get mad and indulge in disagreeable personalities. But there is something so naive and simple about this man, so utterly silly and ridiculous, that we can't do anything but laugh even at his most abhorrent statements. As a matter of fact, of course, Mr. Wilbur belongs not in Washington at all, but in the pages of "Alice in Wonderland." We know that, in some unpublished chapter of her reminiscences, Alice must have found him along with the mad hatter and the white knight. For example, at the dedication of the U. S. Navy's Sesquicentennial exhibit at Philadelphia, the other day, the amiable Secretary said, among other things, that, while there had been great developments in the navy during the last one hundred and fifty years, he hoped to see still *greater* developments in the *next* one hundred and fifty years. Here is the simon-pure, unadulterated optimist for you! War is going to be with us indefinitely—for another century and a half at least!—and the navy end of it is going to get bigger and better all the time. Whereas we used to have muzzle-loading 3 or 4 inch cannon, and now have the breech-loading 14 and 16 inch guns, we shall tomorrow undoubtedly have 20 and 30 inch monsters to shoot tons of metal for hundreds of miles. Whereas the little Monitor of yesterday has developed into the present-day super-dreadnaught, we shall in a generation or two have under-water ironclads of stupendous size to confound and destroy our enemies. Whereas today we spend only 35 or 40 million dollars for a battleship, we shall soon be spending at least the handsome sum of 80 or 100 million dollars. Here is progress for you! Every day and in every way we are getting better and better! Trust Wilbur and our naval experts for that! Why despair, why fear, why talk of the fall of civilization, or "the decline of the West"? Saul slew his thousands, but David shall slay his tens of thousands. It's a great world, if only we can stand it!

The Chicago Board of Education adopted a resolution some time ago which comes as near to sheer asininity on the war and peace question as anything that we have ever seen. Starting off with a protest against a certain syllabus in use in the schools, "the unmistakeable aim of which is to minimize and discredit the importance of the part played by great Americans in the various wars having to do with the formation and preservation of this country of ours," it goes on solemnly to declare that

1. Warfare for the aggression of territory, or to right fancied wrongs which might be fairly adjusted by other means, should be discouraged, outlawed or prevented by any means possible.

2. Warfare for the protection of our people, the defense of our liberty and form of government, its constitutional guarantees and the institutions which have grown therefrom, is justifiable and should be entered into with the same energy, spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice which governed those who created, preserved and delivered into our keeping the only free and equal form of government which has withstood the test of time.

3. We owe to all students the duty of not only arousing within them sincere love of this country, but also of impressing upon them the knowledge that since the beginning of civilization no great nation has for any long period of time escaped a defensive war made necessary by some aggressive nation. Hence, we regard it as most important that such students should be taught the principles of preparedness for defensive warfare only.

4. The subject of history as taught in the schools should fully cover the efforts and sacrifices required in establishing our form of government and later in maintaining it for our benefit. The name of our patriots and the contribution which they made to our government should be emphasized, to the end that students may realize that our form of government cannot continue to exist without willing sacrifices on the part of individuals and preparations of the people as a whole, for the making of great efforts and sacrifices when occasion should arise.

5. All instructions in the public schools including the subject of history should have as its definite aim the making of good citizens.

To the educationalist these resolutions are of course perfectly appalling. Based upon the idea that children are to be taught exactly what they must think, that their minds must be crammed full of prepared and predigested intellectual food, that education is a passive process of receiving truth from others and not an active process of discovering truth for one self, such statements reveal to every modern mind the utter bankruptcy of school administration in the second city of the land. But we are interested in these resolutions at the moment as specimens simply of war and peace thinking. In the light of all that we know, or ought to know, today, these ideas seem as antediluvian as the most hoary notions of the Fundamentalist theologians. Here is the old worn-out, broken-down attempt to distinguish defensive wars from aggressive—that is to say, *our* wars from the other fellow's wars. From the standpoint of these resolutions, every war fought by the United States in the past—even the Mexican War and the Spanish War—was justifiable and glorious! and any war we may want to fight for any reason in the future, is equally heroic. This is nonsense—nay, worse,

it is crime! For it makes our whole educational system a hypocritical adjunct of militarism.

We wonder if the time will ever come when newspapers will handle religious news as intelligently as they have long since learned to handle political, financial and dramatic news. Most journals these days have a "religious editor," but his business is mainly that of soliciting church advertisements and writing a Saturday column of local "notes." A few papers, like the Boston *Transcript,* have a real religious editor, but he almost invariably handles his material the way a columnist writes his column—as a separate and independent department. When will a newspaper have a religious editor as it now has a sports editor—a highly trained, thoroughly informed man, through whose hands will pass every news dispatch having to do with churches, ministers, conferences, organized religion generally? This query came to mind when we stumbled upon the early reports of the highly dramatic and extremely significant murder committed by Dr. J. Frank Norris, of Fort Worth, Texas. We say "stumbled" advisedly, for in the New York paper we first saw, this sensational dispatch, cut down to a couple of inches of space, was tucked away at the bottom of an inside page. Regarded by the editor who first received it as a commonplace murder-story, important inversely as the square of the distance between the office of the paper and the scene of the crime, it was thus shoved aside as a matter of little importance. This editor, apparently, had never heard of J. Frank Norris; he didn't know his standing as one of the two or three most conspicuous Fundamentalist leaders in this country; he never dreamed of the significance of his violent action as bearing on the ethical and spiritual implications of Fundamentalism; it never entered his head that, practically speaking, as affecting the outcome of the controversy now rending the churches throughout the land, here was an event second only in importnace to the death a year ago of William Jennings Bryan. A few days later somebody woke up—the ministerial murder in Texas got the first page! But the revelation of the newspapers' prevailing ignorance as to who's who and what's what in the religious world, had been made. Some day, perhaps, in our American journalism, the church will have a place equal, not to baseball of course, but to art or even the drama.

The Profits of Risk

The economists tell us that profits arise from the wise taking of risks. Risks are inherent in business activity. The man who takes them badly or unnecessarily lands sooner or later in the bankruptcy court, just as the reckless motorist in time comes to rest in the hospital or the morgue. But just as the motorist who refuses to call on his engine for what it can do goes but slowly and painfully up the hill that he might take easily at high speed, so does the business man who refuses to take legitimate chances, to try new and expensive processes, or to install improved though costly machinery, without antecedent certainty of success, so does an unduly cautious business man by and by find himself laid on the shelf by the competition of others less timorous than he, men not afraid and not incapable of taking the risks that make up business. No risk, no profits—such is the rule of business, and such, too, is the rule of life, a rule often forgotten by men content to live ignobly, a rule sometimes neglected by whole peoples, to their spiritual disaster. Whoso will not live adventurously shall not live at all, for the profits of life are life itself, and life lacking such profits is spiritual bankruptcy.

To the child and the young person each new day is normally a fresh adventure into unknown waters, waters that are full of rocks and shoals, but waters too where the current runs strong and deep, and where the craft of life is borne swiftly along toward its unknown destination. To such adventure every young human being is by his nature entitled; yet how often is the effort of parents and teachers directed to keeping the craft in shallow water, safely moored to the bank, by teaching the young how to live safely, without making mistakes. Particularly during these days since the war has there been an astonishing devotion on the part of school and college to the teaching of inoffensive facts and sane ideas, in order that those possessed of and by them may live in safety without offending the powers that rule us. But it cannot be done. Young people may indeed be kept safe for a time under such conditions, provided their spirit be inert enough and their mind not too inquiring, but they will not live, however much they may skim the surface of life. Children who can be kept in safety by that method are not worth saving. Far wiser the Boston boy who set off for New Hampshire in a ten-dollar Ford with sixty-five cents in his pocket—and who got there, too, in time to sell his car for twenty-five dollars. And wiser still those rare persons of mature years who themselves can still adventure, and can welcome the adventure, whether of thought or of action, of their young friends, remembering well that in respect of life age can do little more than pass on to youth some few suggestions of how to take chances wisely, some few facts concerning certain time-tried adventures that have almost invariably turned out disastrously. That done, what is there left for the

parent and teacher but to counsel the pupil to live, to live cleanly, intelligently, thoughtfully, but not fearfully, not too cautiously, and above all not to put safety first?

It is not in personal living alone, however, that adventure is the price of life. Institutions are subject to the same law of growth. Nature is forever bidding us to move on, and unless we do her bidding, we die. But a dead institution by no means necessarily comes to an end. Created always to serve some purpose, it promptly becomes an end in itself, though the life be gone out of it, and a revolution or a cataclysm may be necessary to prepare it for burial. Our churches, at times baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, soon find themselves busy collecting funds, running organizations and stoning their prophets. Our universities, sometime the intellectual and spiritual home of eager and adventuring youth, soon occupy themselves with building five-million-dollar temples of business administration in which correct young men will learn how to make the wheels of industry and finance go round faster, but still safely. Every organization came into existence for a purpose, but every organization has a fatal tendency to crystallize, to ossify, to die in its soul by losing the spirit of doing boldly and daring greatly. The church, the school, the party, the club, the nation, the society that would live must be forever on the march, for none can stay the timeless movement of new conditions that must be faced. Each day's march must be a fresh adventure, then, into an unknown country.

That unknown country is a land of impossibilities, and the adventure, for individual and group alike, consists in learning somehow to do the impossible. Somehow the child learns the impossible trick of balancing himself, and we find him walking. Somehow men learn the impossible feat of keeping civil order after a fashion, and we find them living together in orderly cooperation. And strangely enough, it is not the old and wise who find the key to these impossibilities, however they may seek for it. A little child shall lead them. In simplicity, in faith, in courage, his reach is far greater than that of the man grown gray in knowledge and caution and fearfulness. So the world's great adventures are carried through by young men, unspoiled by calculating knowledge. In a world grown old and wise in political inequality, young men denied that wisdom, and founded a government based on an idea of political equality. Strange to say, and impossible as it is, the new plan works better than the old, and in our day the old everywhere gradually crumbles down before the new. It is the same with economic inequality, only the process is less advanced, and consequently the wise are still engaged in demonstrating successfully the impossibility of anything except that which has been. None the less, the eternal creative process of experimentation goes on, because men dare still to try the impossible, and because with God all things are possible. It is a world in which the touch of faith and courage taps the resources of the infinite, and the impossible dissolves into the realized.

Shall a people be found who will dare apply this philosophy to abolishing that curse of social curses, war? Not without risk shall they undertake it, not without high courage, and without faith that reaches far beyond the seen into the distant regions of the hoped-for and the believed. They must be willing to lose in a great cause, they must choose failure rather than surrender, they must be prepared to lose all on the throw of the dice, in full confidence that if not in their day, then in some other the throw must come right. They will not act in ignorance, but in full knowledge, yet with a faith that transcends the known and reaches forward into the unknown. And one day they will succeed, and because they took risks greatly, great shall be the profit of their adventure. Of that glorious company are those who believe today and who act in their belief, despite the impossibilities.

H. R. Mussey.

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence]

I

This is the season when the federal government adjourns to escape the heat of the Potomac. The whole nation, nearly, takes a vacation, except the farmers, the workers and the "rest of the people." The politicians are going back home to look after their fences and plan for future elections. It looks now as if the administration forces would have a backset in the fall. President Coolidge is announced as having reached his summer quarters and as having caught his first fish (a large one of course) and along with the announcement goes the news that Mrs. Coolidge promptly denies that the President caught the fish himself. This little domestic play will amuse the American people and show that the Coolidges are "regular fellows." The President's summer place is to be guarded by 100 choice "men of war," who, while probably quite unnecessary, will have a royal good time themselves—as for example, a little investigation was held of the last year's guard, touching on reports about the many "parties" which disregarded the Prohibition laws and other Puritan prescriptions.

II

The tenth biennial convention of the Women's Trade Union League of America met recently, at Kansas City. Out of their sessions came these demands: Equal Pay; the Eight-hour Day and the Forty-four-hour Week; An American Standard of Living; Full Citizenship for Women; The Outlawry of War; Closer

affilation of women workers of all nations. It was stated that "women-employing industries are the lowest paid and the longest hour industries, and we believe that laws are necessary to supplement the unions' efforts to bring labor standards for women up to an equal plane with the standards already established for men." It should be noted that women generally gain, in the long run, what they collectively demand.

III

While the 150th anniversary of the birth of the Republic is being celebrated some people are asking whether American life and civilization would have been, without the Revolution, any more English than now. When a patriotic crowd gets up to sing the "Star Spangled Banner"—which it is unable to sing, because of the infelicities of the musical score—they take a slap at Britain, "tyrants," "despots," very much as a good English colonist does, but they don't mean very much in so doing, any more than when the Christian sings of "Jerusalem, the Golden," is it any indication of a desire of his wanting to die and go to heaven. How much liberty has the Republic gained by being separated from the "mother country?" The average American is puzzled a bit by this question, especially when he has stood under the big trees of Hyde Park, on a Sunday, and seen the "Bobbies" really *protect* the speaker from a dissenting crowd. The American's experience in his own country is to see the police either providentially absent, in order to give the crowd full opportunity to wreak its will on the speaker, or to reach up and pull down the orator, on the ground that he is liable to create a riot. (England can well afford to keep the Hyde Park show going, as Exhibit A, when some heated republican patriot refers to the liberties enjoyed in a Republic as compared with a Monarchy.) But Revolution or no Revolution, the influence of England in American life is very powerful. I have before me, for example, a copy of a list of poetry committed to memory by a school girl of 14, some 20 years ago. It is to be presumed that other pupils in her class were asked to do the same thing. I have it here, to show what percentage of it is English, as contrasted with American, German, French, etc.:

Milton's "Paradise Lost," 1.156-168, 1.106-116, 1.242-270, 1.314-330, 1.544-559, 1.678-684, 1.740-746, 2.1-9, 2.979-883, 2.577-591, 2.614-628, 4.598-608 . . . Lycidas 1-22 . . . L'Allegro (all), "Il Penseroso."

Gray's "Elegy"; Wordsworth's "Daffodils," "By the Sea," "The World is too much with Us," and "Ode on Immortality" (stanzas 1, 2, 5).

Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" and "The Ancient Mariner."

Byron's "Chillon," "When we two parted" and "We'll go no more a-roving."

Keat's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and "Ode to the Nightingale."

Shelley's "O World, O Life, O Time," "Tonight," "To a Skylark" (stanzas 16-19).

Carew's "True Beauty"; Herrick's "Counsel to Girls."

Herbert's "The Pulley," "Virtue," and "Love."

Suckling's "Encouragement to a Lover."

Lovelace's "To Lucasta on Going to the Wars" and "To Althea."

If anywhere near as much English literature, in proportion to the literature of other countries, is going into the minds of Young America now as twenty years ago, the British need have no fear of their influence in American life.

IV

The public is beginning to attack military training in the universities, where it is compulsory for two years. The *Congregationalist*, Boston, has just published a full-page article by the veteran editor, Dr. Frederick Lynch, on "Prussianizing Our Schools and Colleges," in which he severely arraigns militarists for their intrusion into the schools where they do not belong. He claims that the "worst feature of this whole military training business is the subtle, unconscious, psychological effect it produces upon boys between fourteen and twenty." "It increases the fighting and killing instinct." Some institutions are voting the compulsory feature out. There is sure to be much agitation over the question for several years. Meantime, the military camps long heralded in the papers and on billboards are on. Probably thirty or forty thousand will be drawn into them. It has taken a great amount of advertising and drumming, with unusual inducements offered to boys for going. Let it said, however, that during the same period—the coincidence is accidental—"Vacation Bible Schools" will be opened in the churches all over the land. These schools have sprung up suddenly. They last from three to six weeks, with daily sessions. Handicraft, sewing, athletics, singing, the Bible, etc., are taught. It has come to pass that scarcely a single well-organized church fails to have a vacation-school, opening shortly after the close of the public schools.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Shot and Shell

[Editorial Correspondence]

After one passes the first page, the newspapers are fascinating. . . .

Great Britain is scrapping 4 battleships, 15 destroyers and 1 lone submarine. Wouldn't it be wonderful if she would send all the rest of her fleet to the junk pile? What an example that would be for other nations!

The latest sermon preached to the panicky world by the Irreverend Doctor Mussolini contains this splendid gem of oratorical art: "Our thirst for riches and prosperity cannot be denied!" Cannot? Well now, really, it would seem that it is and that it will be. The bounties of this earth are unfortunately limited; wealth increases much too slowly to please a Fascist. The only expansion Mussolini can anticipate is the expansion known in one terminology as conquest and in another as theft. Where does the ambitious Italian expect to do his thieving and what chance is there of success? His neighbors are armed or have powerful friends. Italy will have no more colonies if Britain can help it. The Mediterranean will never be an Italian lake. Mussolini has arrived upon the world stage too late, much too late. He will go the way of other demagogues, and nobody will care. We quote him now because he is amusing.

The Italian press, advising France in the hour of her domestic crisis, says: "There are two roads—one

which leads to Moscow, and one which leads to Rome." In other words, Communism or dictatorship. France does not seem to be ready for either. But a sane Communism is to be preferred to any form of Caesarism. Have the French the genius to see that? We wish we could be optimistic.

> In seven years France has never paid a franc or a centime on her war debt. But year by year French politicians have preached that the troubles of France were caused by American oppression. . . France hopes, in the end, for cancellation. So does Italy.

Thus the New York *Evening Post*, a paper which goes on to suggest that the interference in European affairs begun by Wilson may finish by America having to pay the cost of the whole war. We do not know if the United States can ever collect from any of these bankrupt Continental governments. We do know that so long as the debts remain unpaid we ought to be able to bring pressure to bear on French and Italian militarists. We might even force disarmament. But such a policy requires courage and firmness, neither of which is conspicuous in Washington.

A committee of unnamed Englishmen has decorated the grave of Byron with an ornamental screen "representing the Crucifixion with the Madonna and St. John." What in the name of charity did the rebel poet and agnostic ever do to be outraged in this fashion after a century in the tomb! We are reminded of the wretched Bourbons who after the Restoration exhumed the bones of Voltaire and Rousseau, and cast them into the common sewer. Englishmen are said to pride themselves on their fine feeling. Is this insult to Byron—what else can we call it?—an example?

The British Medical Association has voted to appoint a committee to investigate psychoanalysis. Now, maybe, the truth will come out. We wish, however, that the committee might include lay members—the medicos have an axe to grind; at least so the psychoanalysts will say. The best possible kind of investigation would be one conducted by a committee consisting of, say, a clergyman, a sociologist, a biologist, a lawyer, a physician, a bricklayer, a stevedore, and a poet; the opinion of that sort of jury would be interesting.

Bernard Shaw is alleged to be the wealthiest literary craftsman alive. Well, for once no quiver of rancorous envy trespasses upon our heart. It is almost a pleasure to think of any man of letters getting anything like adequate return for his labor.

A writer in the New York *Herald-Tribune* discusses the religion of the Presidents and concludes that "practically all have exhibited a robust faith in God." We do not propose to call the roll nor to waste time collecting additional evidence; but we do suggest that "a robust faith in God" is a different thing from "a robust faith in the church." Presidents, like other people, perhaps more than other people, do not hesitate to render lip service to convention; but to say that men like the Adamses, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Fillmore, Lincoln and Taft were orthodox Christian believers would be to violate the truth. The majority of our chief executives have had church connections, but their written works brim with heresies. In any case, it would be much more important to a correct estimation of historic religion in America to know what our philosophers, poets, painters and scientists have thought. The greater number of these have been religious radicals. Genius and orthodoxy do not go together.

The baggage transfer business is said to be on the decline. "The modern woman doesn't wear enough clothes to fill a trunk," says an official spokesman of the express combine. "And the men are every bit as bad as the women. Folks don't dress like they used to." No, thank Heaven, they do not!

Deaths due to alcoholism in the United States during the first six months of 1926, according to figures given out by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, show that there has been a 25 per cent increase over last year and an increase of 600 per cent in the past six years. This would seem to indicate that Prohibition has not yet begun to be effective—a condition largely due, we think, to the fact that the people have not been educated into acceptance of the principle. Another thought that occurs to us is that apparently the habitual drinker is being killed off more rapidly than we had anticipated.

The younger generation, we are told, spends so much of its substance for automobiles that it has nothing left to spend for tombstones. Considering the number of cemetery lots filled by motorists, this is indeed a great pity. We assure the designers and manufacturers of necrological trappings of our hearty sympathy.

The newspapers are fascinating . . . after one passes the front pages.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

The Trees That Died in the War

So gentle they, yet glorious,
Living their lives unseen;
Treading the soil, victorious,
Brave gods with banners green.

They asked for naught but the pleasure
Of serving the sons of men,
Lavish with leafy treasure
When Spring should come again.

What answered we to their yearning?
What gave we for their cheer?
Hatred and shells and burning,
Death in the Spring of the year.

Gone like a vanished city,
Tragic and far as Greece.
God! Shall they give us pity?
Men! Shall they bring us peace?

Angela Morgan.

The Spectator (London).

Pollen

The bee that hums from flower to flower
Is all unconscious of the Power
That makes her bearer of a need,
And fertilizer of the seed;
Nor knows she aught that she has done,
Who sets her heart from sun to sun
Afar to roam,
For honey that she carries home.

And thou art brother to the bee;
And seeking honey, far and free,
We carry pollen on our wings;
And all that lives and flies and sings
Is bearer of the higher need;
Is fertilizer of the seed.
Hark to the hum
Of flowering Hope! Of Kingdom Come!

F. K. GIFFORD.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

CHAPTER XVIII

Shyness—My Shield

I was elected to the Executive Committee of the Vegetarian Society, and made it a point of attending every one of its meetings, but I always felt tongue-tied. Dr. Oldfield once said to me, "You talk to me quite all right, but why is it that you never open your lips at a Committee meeting? You are a drone." I appreciated the banter. The bees are ever busy, the drone is a thorough idler. And it was not a little curious that whilst others expressed their opinions at these meetings, I sat quite silent. Not that I never felt tempted to speak. But I was at a loss to know how to express myself. All the rest of the members appeared to me to be better informed than I. Then it often happened that just when I had mustered up courage to speak, a fresh subject would be started. This went on for a long time.

Meanwhile a serious question came up for discussion. I thought it wrong to be absent, and felt it cowardice to register a silent vote. The discussion arose somewhat in this wise: The President of the Society was Mr. Hills, proprietor of the Thames Iron Works. He was a puritan. It may be said that the existence of the Society depended almost on his financial assistance. Many members of the Committee were more or less his proteges. Dr. Allinson of vegetarian fame was also a member of the Committee. He was an advocate of the then new birth control movement, and preached its methods among the working classes. Mr. Hills regarded these methods as cutting at the root of morals. He thought that the Vegetarian Society had for its object not only dietetic, but also moral reform, and that a man of Dr. Allinson's anti-puritanic views should not be allowed to remain in the Society. A motion was therefore brought for his removal. The question deeply interested me. I considered Dr. Allinson's views regarding artificial methods of birth-control as dangerous, and I believed that Mr. Hills was entitled, as a puritan, to oppose him. I had also a high regard for Mr. Hills and his generosity. But I thought it was quite improper to exclude a man from a vegetarian society simply because he refused to regard puritan morals as one of the objects of the society. Mr. Hills' view regarding the exclusion of anti-puritans from the Society was personal to himself and it had nothing to do with the declared object of the Society, which was simply the promotion of vegetarianism, and not of any system of morality. I therefore held that any vegetarian could be a member of the Society irrespective of his views on other morals.

There were on the Committee others also who shared my view, but I felt myself personally called upon to express my own. How to do it was the question. I had not the courage to speak and I therefore decided to set down my thoughts in writing. I went to the meeting with the document in my pocket. So far as I recollect, I did not find myself equal even to read it, and the President had it read by some one else. Dr. Allinson lost the day. Thus in the very first battle of the kind, I found myself siding with the losing party. But I had comfort in the thought that the cause was right. I have a faint recollection that after this incident, I resigned from the Committee.

This shyness I retained throughout my stay in England. Even when I paid a social call the presence of half a dozen or more people would strike me dumb.

I once went to Ventnor with Mr. Mazumdar. We stayed there with a vegetarian family. Mr. Howard, the author of *The Ethics of Diet* was also staying at the same watering-place. We met him and he invited us to speak at a meeting for the promotion of vegetarianism. I had ascertained that it was not considered incorrect to read one's speech. I knew that many did so to express themselves coherently and briefly. To speak extempore would have been out of the question for me. I had therefore written down my speech. I stood up to read it, but could not. My vision became blurred and I trembled; though the speech hardly covered a sheet of foolscap. Mr. Mazumdar had to read it for me. His own speech was of course splendid and was received with applause. I was ashamed of myself and sad at heart for my incapacity.

My last effort to make a public speech in England was on the eve of my departure for home. But this time too I succeeded only in making myself ridiculous. I invited my vegetarian friends to dinner in the Holborn Restaurant referred to in these chapters. "A vegetarian dinner could be had," I said to myself, "in vegetarian restaurants as a matter of course. But why should it not be possible in a non-vegetarian restaurant too?" And I arranged with the manager of the Holborn Restaurant to provide a strictly vegetarian meal. The vegetarians hailed the new experiment with delight. All dinners are meant for enjoyment, but the West has developed the thing into an art. They are celebrated with great *eclat*, music and speeches. And the little dinner party that I invited was also not unaccompanied by some such display. Speeches therefore there had to be. When my turn for speaking came, I stood up to make a speech. I had with great care thought out one which would consist of a very few sentences. But I could not proceed beyond the first sentence. I had read of Addison that he began his maiden speech in the House of Commons, repeating "I conceive" three times and when he could proceed no further, a wag stood up and said, "the gentleman conceived thrice but delivered nothing." I had thought of making a humorous speech, taking this anecdote as the text. I therefore began with it and stuck there. My memory entirely failed me and in attempting a humorous speech I made myself ridiculous. "I thank you, gentlemen, for having kindly responded to my invitation," I said abruptly, and sat down.

It was only in South Africa that I got over this shyness, though I never completely overcame it. It was impossible for me to speak impromptu. I hesitated whenever I had to face strange audiences and avoided making a speech whenever I could. Even today I do

not think I could or would even be inclined to keep a meeting of friends engaged by talking on nothing.

I must say that beyond occasionally exposing me to laughter, my constitutional shyness has been no disadvantage whatever. In fact I can see that on the contrary it has been all to my advantage. My hesitancy in speech which was once an annoyance is now a pleasure. Its greatest benefit has been that it has taught me the economy of words. I have naturally formed the habit of restraining my thoughts. And I can now give myself a certificate that a thoughtless word hardly ever escapes my tongue or pen. I do not recollect ever having had to regret anything in my speech or writing. I have thus been spared many a mishap and waste of time. Experience has taught me that silence is part of the spiritual discipline of a votary of truth. Proneness to exaggerate, suppress or modify the truth, wittingly or unwittingly, is a natural weakness of man, and silence is necessary in order to escape from it. A man of few words will rarely be thoughtless in his speech; he will measure every word. We find so many people impatient to talk. There is no chairman of a meeting but is pestered with notes for permission to speak. And whenever the permission is given the speaker generally exceeds the time-limit, asks for more time, and keeps on talking without permission. All this talking can hardly be said to be of any benefit to the world. It is so much waste of time. My shyness has been in reality my shield and buckler. It has allowed me to grow. It has helped me in my discernment of truth.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai*)

The Implications of Cooperation With Our British Rulers in India

For the last three years and more India has had to face a situation which marks a distinct stage in her political evolution. The followers of the Sabarmati seer—Gandhi—have familiarized us with the cry of non-cooperation, an attitude of passive resistance, a refusal to work the crude, intricate mechanism called the Reformed Constitution, so permeated by the overwrought, compartmental mind of the bureaucrat as to become unworkable if honestly worked.

There has been another type of mind in India that has revolted from this spirit of passive resistance—a type of mind that has believed in the honesty of purpose underlying the political reform and which, whilst it has been ready enough to acknowledge the shortcomings of the institutions offered to the country, still persists in the idea that these institutions must be worked if only to prove their unworkability. The followers of this school of thought call themselves Liberals; they pride themselves on their political moderation, though underlying this attitude of cooperation with the rulers may be the mingled feelings of hope and ambition which it is always so difficult to differentiate.

In between these Liberals, who advocate wholehearted cooperation with the rulers and who have worked the reforms to their own and their country's benefit, and the non-cooperators, who have stood aloof from the reforms as embodying the bureaucratic desire to damn the possibility of autonomous institutions by masquerading a caricature as the genuine article, are a number of different types of mind, Swargists, independents, and the rest, who would not care to lose themselves in the non-cooperating group, and yet whose qualms of conscience would not permit them to join the ranks of the cooperators.

Now I have no desire to sit in judgment upon the rightness or wrongness of these differing political attitudes. In a land where nature has been so lavish of her gifts from a remote past, where this lavishness has often bred a spirit of reconciliation with the present, it is not difficult to understand a type of mentality that naively accepts the gifts grudgingly or ungrudgingly tendered by those who are in power, and is prepared to handle even awkwardly devised machinery in the hope that its products may have a market more especially because the handling of the machinery has an excitement and novelty about it. What I cannot understand, however, is the name given to this attitude —whatever else it may be called, it is not *cooperation*. Those who talk so glibly of cooperation on the part of the Indians with the alien rulers hardly realize that they are creating an atmosphere of hypocrisy and unreality and that they are submitting themselves to a process of auto-suggestion which may have reactions of all kinds of a far-reaching character.

Cooperation in any sphere of life presupposes a basis of equality—not necessarily equality of possessions or equality of rank or status or birth, but that equality which is born of freedom, of opportunity to be and to live the best of which each is capable in his own way—the equality implied in the recognition of the intense worth of every human soul. Thus, in the field of economics, cooperation between master and workman, between employer and employed, is possible on the basis of mutual respect and reverence for the element of human relationship implied in the contact; where the employer looks on the wage earner as a tool, and the wage earner on the employer as a source of exacting more favorable terms for himself, there can be no cooperation worth the name. In the field of politics, similarly, cooperation implies an atmosphere of freedom, of mutual respect and good will; where the rulers look upon the ruled with an air of racial superiority and believe that the ruled are minors who have to be patronizingly kept under leading strings, there is only possible an attitude on the part of the ruled of thankful acceptance of the mercies showered by a benign government or an attitude of passive resistance. As between an unarmed population of subject races and an armed body of rulers, the ruled can accept what the rulers grant, or can stand aloof like dissatisfied children. To talk of cooperation under these circumstances is to create an unreal, hypocritical frame of mind which may end by hypnotizing every one, rulers and ruled included. It does not befit reflective Indians who wish honestly to face facts, be they Liberals and Swargists or Nationalists, to use words which can only raise a veil of deception and perpetuate a fiction.

Bombay, India. P. A. WADIA.*

*Professor of Politics and History, Wilson College, Bombay.

What I Found in Hawaii

Aloha! That expresses Hawaii if anything does. A welcome with love! It is the first word we see shining out from the top of the tower on entering the harbor of Honolulu and before the boat is docked. We see it in the garlands of flowers—leis—which friends on the pier are carrying to bedeck their dear ones as they step from the boat. We hear it in the beautiful "Aloha oe" the Hawaiian band is playing, and we breathe it in the soft balmy air that feels "like velvet to the skin." And as we drive to Waikiki beach, we see it hanging over Manoa valley in a beautiful arch —the rainbow. And so again I say Aloha from the land of rainbows and "liquid sunshine":

Manoa Rainbow fled one day
From its valley home and hid away
In a little shop where table and stand
Were heaped with loot. On every hand
Lay vivid objects of beauty rare.
The rainbow found concealment there.

A truly American city is Honolulu, and were it not for the luxuriant tropical vegetation and the many orientals and brown natives about, it would be hard to reconcile the 2,300 miles of ocean between the real America and this cluster of tiny islands which we only knew as dots on the blue in our geographies, and which Mark Twain has called "the loveliest fleet of islands that lie anchored in the Pacific."

But Hawaii was Americanized by the missionaries before the pioneers started across the continent in ox teams, and the early California settlers were even then sending their children to the mission schools of these isles. Thus the missionaries paved the way and to read of the hardships they endured and their patience and perseverance in teaching and uplifting these primitive people, first learning the native tongue themselves, then constructing a written language and teaching it to the natives, and at the same time teaching them cleanliness and morality and administering to their ills, etc., is inspiring. Indeed, we must take off our hats to those heroic people, though at times we may have criticized others in different fields, for it was they who made our Hawaii.

Rightly named the "crossroads of the Pacific," Hawaii is the true melting pot of all nations, as Don Blanding so aptly puts it:

For seven Nations mix and meet
In absolute democracy
Sans sham and sans hypocrisy.

. . . . . .

Seven nations joined in harmony! No race hatred or race antagonism, and all brought about by Alexander Ford and his Pan Pacific movement, now widespread. And it was he who revived surf-board riding and helped to make this the Paradise of the Pacific for the tourist.

At a luncheon of the Pan Pacific Union given in honor of the Lord Abbott of Japan, one of the speakers, the pastor of the largest Christian church here, welcomed the distinguished visitor on behalf of his church, and this was the first effort I have ever heard made to reconcile Christianity with Buddhism. It may not have been meant to be just that, but the friendliness and the absence of all antagonism or superiority was quite amazing, and I am wondering yet how the disciple of an orthodox church manged it.

Here Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Koreans, Hawaiians and Haoles (whites) are side by side in friendly union. They work together, ride on the street cars and live in close proximity without discord.

But not all are of the unskilled labor type. At Christmas time, when the stores are crowded, I love to go shopping, but I never shop. I just watch the shoppers. Along comes a pretty little round-faced Chinese girl, sweet and clean in her neat loose jacket and short trousers, her snow white stockings and gay jewelry in her hair. Then I watch a slender little Japanese in bright kimono and sandals. Very refined and dainty are they. And the older ones are there, too, wearing more somber colors. Many of the Hawaiian matrons still wear the holokus, made from the original pattern introduced by the missionaries; clean, stiffly starched and spreading, reaching to the ground, in ludicrous contrast with the scant short frocks now worn. But you will not know the well-to-do until you see them in American toggery, which of course the majority have now adopted. At fashionable functions the wealthy Hawaiian women are always present and the descendants of the chiefs and royal families can always be recognized because of their enormous size. That was the dividing line in the old royal days, and there was no mistaking it, for the underfed, neglected populace were as serfs, while the chiefs and royalty lived on the fat of the land.

Today there are many wealthy Hawaiian families, but there is little of the pure-blooded Polynesian left among the descendants of royalty, as they owned the land and were married into white families because of the land, but without the white man to develop and irrigate, the land was worthless, for this the Hawaiian did not understand, so it was a fair bargain. But the blood is becoming thinner and thinner as the land owners grow richer and richer, for the children of the half, quarter and eighth Hawaiians invariably marry the whites, usually American.

Many of the descendants of the old missionaries have married into royal Hawaiian families, and while they have grown wealthy they have always done much benevolent work and have spent much of their money for the betterment of the natives.

The kindergartens are not a part of the public school system, all being maintained by benevolent societies and missions. It is beautiful to see five or six different nations of children playing together. In St. Marks (Episcopal) mission they sing the little song of our schools, "Good Morning Dear Children," etc., and sing it four times, substituting *Aloha* for good morning (Hawaiian), then *ohio* (Japanese), then *jou son* (Chinese), then *buenas dias* (Spanish). Truly Hawaii has solved the race problem and the world should sit up and take notice.

I walked quite slowly down Baby Street,
Babies are everywhere . . . under my feet;
Sprawled on the sidewalks, perched on the walls,
Babies in dydies, in blue overalls,
Babies in rompers of flowered cretonne,
Babies with not much of anything on,
Little brown babies in brown mamas' laps;
Philippine babies, Koreans and Japs,
Fresh, shiny babies right out of the tub,
Babies in scandalous need of a scrub,
Baby Hawaiians, the sons of a chief,
Rastus from Africa, black past belief,
Babies with yellow hair, babies with brown,
Babies with just a few patches of down,
Toddling babies on little bowed legs,

Very new babies much balder than eggs,
Portuguese babies and Russians as well,
Babies whose ancestors no one can tell.
Toothless as turkeys . . . these tiny young tads,
But grinning as though they were dentifrice ads.
Walk very carefully . . . make your step hesitant.
One of those babies may some day be president.

—*Don Blanding.*

The Polynesians, like our Indians, are children of nature. They do not take to hard work and will not work if they have enough to eat. For that reason the Japanese coolies were brought in, and the picturesque native Hawaiian, that "bronze god" casting his net, is fast disappearing, for the Japanese is a more fearless fisherman. And the Orientals comprise the large majority of the population. They are found in the cane brakes, in the pineapple canneries, sugar mills, shops, and even in the banks and the post office, and they carry off all the honors in the public schools. Bright, efficient, thrifty and peaceful, they have become the backbone of the islands.

But we are living under a feudal system here. Sugar is king and well enthroned. There is no organized labor, no collective bargaining. The worker accepts what is offered and is glad to get a job. The people are of course exploited, but they don't know it. They expect and get little and find it enough. The warm climate solves the coal problem and there is no pressing need for shoes or warm clothes. Being a territory, the vote is not so important since the Governor is appointed by the President and the municipal affairs are managed, of course, by the "captains of industry." But the orientals are citizens, most of them by birth, and what would happen should we become the State of Hawaii and a Japanese put up for Governor, is hard to say. However, the orientals are not politicians, nor are they anxious to rule, and they do not question the white man's methods, so there would probably be no trouble, unless fomented by corrupt political parties. Let Hawaii remain peaceful a while longer, though it may be peace without liberty! Fortunately the Governors of Hawaii have always been interested in the advancement of the natives and orientals and much has been done for their welfare.

It is not for me, a malihini (newcomer) to boost Hawaii. Men with able pens, Stevenson, Mark Twain and Jack London have lived here and described its beauties, and Don Blanding has sung its praises in beautiful verse. But to attend a real native luau (feast) when they are celebrating the arrival of a new baby—not a half and half feast gotten up for tourists; and to see the hula as danced by pretty young girls, interpreting the story as chanted by an older woman pounding on a gourd—not the modern jazz accompaniment and vulgar muscle dancing, is to enjoy a bit of the real Hawaii, so fast disappearing, for we, with our modern civilization and our tourist mobilization, are absorbing the natives and their land.

O, we're going to a luau, to a luau, to a luau,
Where we'll dance the hula-hula on a beach beneath the stars
And there'll be a lot of singing, for the singing boys are bringing
All their tricky ukeleles and their sobbing steel guitars.

But they have given us "aloha" and the haole has accepted and has passed it on, and the lei is now our emblem of friendliness and welcome.

We attended a "haole" church supper where those who had lately been received into the church wore leis of flowers—a beautiful token of love and fellowship. And it is not uncommon to see tourists in church, having just landed that Sunday morning, and still wearing their leis of bright flowers. It is a beautiful sight, and I wish we could all have them round our necks—a silent chorus of love and welcome.

One lei I'll wear . . . it will not fade.
One lei I need not put away
When I go out to sea some day . . .
A lei that island memories made.

A gorgeous lei . . . a golden lei . . .
Aloha threaded on a string
Of happiness. A lei to bring
Me back when I am far away.

EMMA MAYER.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

The Study Table

Anthropological

Prof. Tozzer's "Social Origins and Social Continuities[1]" is made up of the Lowell Lectures for 1924. The material is therefore in more "popular" form than if it had been prepared originally for reading. The lectures were on Anthropology and the specific intent was that anthropology as held by American workers should be presented. The author distinguishes sharply between biological inheritance and social inheritance. Culture, as we know it, depends little on biological inheritance. Man has changed slowly and little, biologically, in many thousands of years. His social life undergoes deep and rapid changes. Tozzer's book deals with social origins and social continuities. It is, for the most part, a picture of savage life, so far as its social side is concerned. It is a vigorous reaction against the monotypal-evolution theory of culture. In fact, the author's main desire is to emphasize diversities—to show that the course of cultural evolution has been different, in different times and places. Of course, the question of independent origins versus transmission comes up for consideration. Prof. Tozzer finds room for both. Considering the long hostility of American ethnography to the admission of borrowing or transmission, his plea for independent origin (due to "psychic unity") is interestingly mild. He calls attention to the fact that we may look far and admit both convergent and divergent evolution. Tozzer emphasizes the fact that much in present civilization is only to be understood by comparison with the past, and with savagery. Survivals may be most instructive. Our author has to condense so much material into brief space, so many facts into a single paragraph, as to make difficult, almost dry, reading. How much auditors could take away from lectures so condensed is an interesting question. The six lecture topics were: Basic Methods and Theories; The Nature of the Savage and His Society; the Crises in the Life of the Individual; Marriage and the Family; Organization, Associations and Classes: Government, Law and Ethics. It is a large field to cover in such fashion. The work is well done and the book has a real value in showing the present attitude of American science to the subject.

A handy little book, which deals with its subject

1. Social Origins and Social Continuities. Alfred Marston Tozzer. New York: 1925. The Macmillan Co. 16 pp. xix. 286.

in the most direct and straightforward fashion is William Rosenau's "Jewish Ceremonial Institutions and Customs."[2] It is solid information, with no padding. It is so simple and attractive in style that the non-Jew can read it without preliminary preparation, but so genuine and scholarly that most Jews will find it answering their questions as to their ceremonial and ritual. It covers both divisions of the Jewish ceremonial institutions—those obtaining in the synagogue and those obtaining in the home. Beginning with a description of the synagogue and its utensils, it proceeds to study the dress, action and attitude of the worshipper, and the details of his synagogue service. Daily, Sabbath, and festival services are considered in that order—the latter throughout the year. Origin, meaning, and ceremonial of each occasion are given. The customs in the home are treated with equal fullness. The celebrations of the sabbath and of the festivals, at the domestic altar are considered. The religious ceremonial life of the individual is then followed, from circumcision and redemption of the first born, through *bar mitzvah* and marriage, to death. A final chapter describes the characteristic Jewish ritualistic slaughtering of animals for food. There are many excellent pictures of ceremonial utensils and objects, made from the Sonnaborn collection at Johns Hopkins University. That the book well meets its purpose is shown by the fact that this is its third printing.

With a bright cover, suggestive of Navajo blankets, and an introduction by Witter Bynner—which adds little or nothing to its value—comes a collection of Indian songs made by a daughter of New Mexico.[3] Miss Walton is a poet by nature and training and she presents us something quite new, which she calls "recreated songs." She says: "I mean not literal, not even free, translations of Indian texts, but rather interpretations of Indian poetic material." Of her work she says: "In no sense a contribution to anthropology; it is rather, I hope, a contribution to English verse, which may well be enriched by the poetic expression of the American Indians." The material is drawn from two tribes, quite unlike in location, environment and mode of life. The Blackfoot Indian lived to the north and were Plain Indians, buffalo hunters; the Navajo, in the arid southwest, were agriculturists in hard surroundings and herders. The songs from the two sources differ in nature. "The Blackfoot material is largely my own poetizing of Blackfoot myths, legends, folklore and dance songs. Much of the Navajo material is, on the contrary, very close to the original Indian texts." While she has dealt thus freely with her material, recasting it, cutting out "tiresome refrains" and excessive "repetitive and parallelistic lines," Miss Walton says: "I have, I am sure, been closely true to the source, the heart and the spirit of the Indian poetic conception." The edition of this little book is limited to 750 copies.

The sixth publication of the Vassar College Folklore Foundation is a collection of Jamaica Proverbs, collected and arranged by Martha Beckwith.[4] It is not a venture into unknown fields. Miss Beckwith has drawn upon all who have preceded her and has added considerable new material. Her most important predecessor was Frank Cundall, who published some 737 proverbs with explanations in 1910. Miss Beckwith carries the number to 972. Her own material was gathered chiefly from the students in a girls' training school for teachers. The work is most satisfactory. There are a few pages of introductory statement. The proverbs are given in alphabetical order of the initial of the first word and are numbered consecutively. A standard form, presumably in most cases the one found by Miss Beckwith herself, is given first in heavy type. Under this are given all the known variants, in some cases running to six or eight. These are all, of course, in dialect. A word of explanation, or a rendering into simple and plain English follows. The source of each proverb or variant, when already published, is indicated. In footnotes references to literature are made and parallel or analogous forms found elsewhere are cited. The proverbs of the Jamaica negroes have naturally come from two chief sources—England and Africa. *Money mek de mare gallop* is clearly English and our "money makes the mare go." As clearly African is *Monkey say wha' da in him jawbone no fe him, but wha' da in belly a fe him.* It is not exactly the same as "many a slip twixt cup and lip" or "don't count your chickens before they are hatched," but conveys much the same idea. That it is truly African is shown by its practical occurrence among the Ewe, Ashanti, Gi, Bechunana and Swahili. Once in a while in the proverbs there is a hint of African words, such as *nyam* (meaning food or eating), but such are not as common as might be expected. The book is a real contribution and may be considered a model in its line.

"The Mongol in Our Midst," by a well known English physician, is a number in the Today and Tomorrow Series.[5] This series, started by Haldane's *Daedalus* and Russell's *Icarus,* has now run to a long list, most of them with significant Greek names as titles. We are just now in a moment of polygenism. In the history of anthropology there is a swing back and forth between the ideas of human unity and human diversity. The books that assert "Nordic" supremacy, just now so popular, are part of the present tendency toward polygenism. So is this little book by Dr. Crookshank. The author has made a special study of that imbecile condition known as Mongolian idiocy, and has written a number of important professional articles upon it. Here, in popular form, he presents some results of his study and brings them into relation with other facts and theories. He recognizes three types of anthropoid apes—orang, gorilla, chimpanzee; three types of men—Mongolian, Negro, Caucasian; three types of idiocy—Mongoloid, Negroid, Caucasoid. These are not accidental and disconnected happenings. The Orang, Mongolian and Mongoloid present striking similarities; parallel similarities are found in the other two trios. These exist because there have been different lines of evolution. The ancestor of the Mongolian was *orangoid* and the form of idiocy known as *mongolism* is an aberration of the Mongolian. Man presents three races, differentiated in pre-human times, from three different anthropoid ancestors. The orang is not the ancestor of the Mongolian, but orang and Mongolian have de-

2. **Jewish Ceremonial Institutions and Customs.** William Rosenau. New York: 1925. Bloch Publishing Company, Inc. 16° pp. 190.

3. **Dawn Boy. Blackfoot and Navajo Songs.** Eda Lou Walton. New York: 1926. E. P. Dutton and Co. 10° pp. xxiii. (1). 82.

4. **Jamaica Proverbs.** Martha Warren Beckwith. Poughkeepsie: 1925. Vassar College. 8°. pp. 137.

5. **The Mongol in Our Midst, A Study of Man and His Three Faces.** F. G. Crookshank. New York: 1924. E. P. Dutton and Co. 16°. pp. vi. 124.

scended from a common orang-oid ancestor. They are collateral relatives, not lineal. In other words, our author develops the views of Klaatsch. He presents much of interest. He raises more questions than he answers. Were we arguing the point, we might admit all his facts and still hold out for monogenism. Crookshank sweeps Haeckel and de Quatrefages aside, but they might be dragged back. We have long felt that the Mongolian race was the central stock of mankind—the most genuinely human; that the other two types of our author were later, unbalanced and unstable "sports." The gorilla and chimpanzee may be similar offshoots from an orang-oid ancestor. Crookshank's book is interesting in the emphasis he gives to posture and palm-lines. He claims that Mongolian idiocy can only occur in a population that contains actual Mongolian elements. It is to be hoped that his book will incite to a better study of the characteristic imbecility of the other two race types. A sharp definition and description of the negroid and caucasic types of idiocy to which he incidentally refers would no doubt yield interesting results.

A second, revised, edition of Bousfield's "Psychoanalysis" is out.[6] There has been rather a flood of books on psychoanalysis. On the whole it is best that the ordinary reader should not go much into the subject. Most of what has been written has been fragmentary and technical, or superficial and sensational. The author states:

> The object of this work is to give an account of the theory, technique and scope of psychoanalysis in such a form that its essentials may readily be understood by the student or practitioner without previous systematic reading in psychology and psychotherapy.

It gives a fairly evenly developed, comprehensive view of its field. There are many places, where a fuller treatment of special topics might have been given, but in all such cases there are special studies easily accessible elsewhere. Not the least important feature of the book is its glossary of technical terms commonly used in the subject. While the field is on the whole well covered, there is hardly as much direct suggestion as to practice of analysis as the title of the book warranted us to expect.

FREDERICK STARR.

6. **The Elements of Practical Psycho-analysis.** Paul Bousfield. New York: 1925. E. P. Dutton and Co. 16°. pp. xii. 294.

Correspondence

Fifth Biennial Congress of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom

Editor of UNITY:

This session of the Women's International League has just closed, with every evidence of great success and lasting influence. Twenty-two countries were officially represented by the delegates sent from national branches. A large group of International members, representing Finland, United States, Latvia, Great Britain and many other countries were eager guests. Great Britain, Ireland and the United States had each their full quota of twenty delegates.

As this was the first international gathering held in Ireland, there was great enthusiasm. The entire city of Dublin has co-operated with the women of the Irish local committee to show hospitality. There was a brilliant public reception on the opening night, which was attended by the distinguished women delegates of all countries, officials of the Free State and of the city of Dublin, foreign consular representatives, clergy of all confessions, and leaders of the several varieties of political conviction. President and Mrs. Cosgrove were prominent in one group, Mr. de Valera in another, Madam Gregory in another; and eminent Irish scholars, writers and women citizens all about. There was a drive to Tara Hill, and a tea given at the ancient castle by the Countess of Fingal, a garden party at the Vice Regal Lodge by the Governor General, an afternoon in the lovely gardens of the Quaker Labor-Senator Douglas, and Sunday afternoon at the beach house of the Irish Women Workers' Union. In short, a delightful spirit of happiness and good fellowship has permeated the entire congress, both in its work and its play.

Miss Jane Adams was the presiding genius of it all. Her picture appeared daily in the local papers, taken now at a castle or again as she presided at the sessions held in the National University building. We were very proud to hear the uniformly universal appreciation of her as a chairman, as an American, as an Internationalist. She opened the sessions promptly, surrounded by a full staff of officers, each of a different nationality. All business was done in three languages, being swiftly translated into the German, English and French, as the case required. Many of the European and British delegates spoke readily in all three, frankly, and without diplomacy.

There were six general sessions open to the public—the mass meeting, at which Miss Addams spoke, being attended to the full capacity of the historic mayor's round room of the Mansion House. At many of these gatherings the women of different countries appeared in national costumes. There were outdoor gatherings for working men and women, which attracted great crowds, and the applause came most spontaneously for speeches by the earnest delegates—there being plenty of Irish people to understand the impassioned talks of Lucie Dejardin of Belgium, Marcelle Capy of France, or Lida Heymann of Germany.

The work of the congress was distributed through three commissions, which sat every forenoon, preparing the resolutions to be brought before the entire congress. The material for these came from the several national sections and were distributed to the commissions under the headings: Arbitration and Disarmament; Relation of Minorities to Majorities; Colonial and Economic Imperialism. The sittings of the commissions were fully attended and most earnest. Each resolution was put before the delegates in one of the three major languages before vote could be called. As an example:

I attended the daily sessions of the Arbitration Disarmament Commission, presided over by a Danish delegate, with a British woman doctor for secretary. Resolutions were finally shaped to meet the needs of twenty-two nations, and then presented to the congress as a whole, typed into the three languages, where each word was again weighed and debated. The resolutions of this commission were finally adopted by the International Congress in the following wording:

I. THIS CONGRESS, realizing that so long as war is regarded as under any circumstances a legal or admissable method of settling international disputes, it will be impossible to establish that sense of security under which alone nations will be ready to disarm.

URGES National Sections to press upon their respective governments the necessity of the following steps:

1. To undertake to settle all disputes which are incapable of settlement by direct negotiations to conciliation or arbitration by a third party.
2. To offer an all-in-arbitration treaty to any nation ready to sign it.
3. To sign the optional clause of the statute setting up the Permanent Court of International Justice,

AND THE CONGRESS FURTHER RECOMMENDS that National Sections shall everywhere undertake a campaign of education and propaganda for arbitration and shall unite in urging that immediate steps be taken to hasten the development of a system of International law.

II. Considering that an impulse towards violence in human nature has been fostered by centuries of wrong thinking, we wish to press the importance of educating the new generation on constructive and not on destructive

The Field

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."

WHY DO WE NOT DISARM?

Since the war Europe has decreased her soldiers by a million and a half. In 1913 there were 4,166,000, today only 2,623,000 soldiers. Therefore pacifist hearts rejoice, saying, "That is magnificent!" But in reality there are fewer soldiers because there is less money. Here are the comparative figures showing the number of soldiers in 1914 and in 1925:

In 1914 Germany admitted having 815,000 soldiers (permanent army). Today, 95,000.

Russia, 1,200,000; today, 562,000.

France, 873,000; today, 641,000.

Italy, 275,000; today, 230,000.

Germany, Russia, France and Italy have decreased their armies while England has increased hers. . . .

But with this decrease of military power in Europe there is a corresponding increase elsewhere. Before the war Europe had 80% of the arms of the world. Today she has but 50% while two new military powers have arisen. The United States and China possess the other 50%. China has 1,607,000 men under arms. . . .

Figures in themselves signify nothing. I will give you an example:

The budget of the British Empire from April, 1926, to March 31, 1927, provides for 58,100,00 pounds for the Marine. It will be seen that this budget is 2,400,000 pounds less than that of the year which has just passed, and, in consequence, it will be said England is becoming a great pacifist power. But, in reality, England is building more new naval units than in the preceding year. England this year has closed two arsenals, those of Pembroke and Rosyth, but has given out huge orders to private industry. The orders amount to only two millions, because the private industries can manufacture for less than the state. They pay labor less. There will be more ships built but at less cost. The working people will pay for this thrift. As the reality differs from the appearance in the matter of the budget, so it is with the military equipment of the nations.

In modern warfare, industries are more important than soldiers. With the new inventions, such as asphyxiating gases, a chemical factory can be transformed in about 40 hours into a war factory. What do 100,000 soldiers mean when a single aeroplane with gas, can kill thousands of human beings in a few hours?

Moreover there are hidden armies in many countries. All Italy is militarized.

But do not believe that Fascism exists only in Italy. Fascism is international. Germany, under the pretext of sport, prepares for revenge.

In France we have our Fascists, too. In Czecho-Slovakia, in the Balkans where the White Terror reigns, there are real Fascist armies.

War Is Economic

If one looks closer one sees that Fascism and racism are also economic issues. Armies are in demand because they protect property and are themselves a source of revenue.

The manufacture of munitions is an excellent business. Before the war the big munition factories of Europe were called: Krupp (Germany), Schneider (France), Maxim's (England), Skoda (Austria), Poutiloff (St. Petersburg).

The munition manufacturers were organized internationally, for they were not so stupid as to be nationalists.

Houses like Poutiloff (Russia) before the war were carried on by French capital, German engineers and English interests. This International of the Iron Magnates held the world in its hands. It became so powerful that for the first time in the existence of the world, a treaty was passed in 1914 not between two states but between two trusts: Carnegie (United States) and Krupp (Germany). . . .

We talk a lot about politics in France. But in the modern world, politics scarcely exist any more. The political power of the state is in subjection to the interests of the great Trusts. That was true before the war, but today it is even more true.

That is true not only in the European countries, but also in the colonies. France is at war in Morocco and in Syria in spite of popular protests.

In the case of the colonies no question of defense is involved, on the contrary armies are sent to defend special interests in those nations. We in France have a war in Morocco because special interests want to monopolize the underground resources of the Riff.

In Egypt elections have just been held and Zaghloul Pacha and his partisans have triumphed. They said: "We are tired of the English domination." But the English domination continues.

If England squeezes Egypt it is because she wants cotton.

Take the question of oil. Along all the Swiss roads are big signs with this word: Shell! Shell! Shell means oil. You know there is a city called Mossul.

The English Government carried on a little flirtation with the League of Nations in order to secure for Shell and Royal Dutch English firms the right to exploit Mossul oil. The

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lines, particularly with regard to the training of children under school age. And considering that in many of the states of the world an official or unofficial military training is introduced in schools and colleges, which training is a vestige of barbarism, inconsistent with the growing desire for disarmament, we are of opinion that the time has come to strive for the eradication of this system, and we ask that it be an instruction to the National Sections to oppose in every way possible the attempts, if any, made in their country to give military training in schools and colleges, or in the voluntary organizations of young people, or to induce young lads to take their technical or professional training under the aegis of the military authorities.

III. Believing that the question of arbitration is closely linked up with the problem of militarism, and believing that inside and outside Europe the nations continue to arm, this congress believes that this situation is seriously endangering world peace and making arbitration very difficult.

This congress therefore proclaims itself in favor of universal disarmament and declares as first steps toward this end:

(a) The abolition of military and civic conscription on the ground that it is contrary to freedom of conscience;

(b) The international control and supervision of manufacture and traffic in arms and munitions.

IV. Considering that the prohibition of poison gas and similar products for war purposes is a step towards disarmament,

This Congress of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom recommends to all sections to urge their governments to ratify the convention which was passed by the Conference for the Control of Arms and Munitions in Geneva, June, 1925, and which is already ratified by at least 27 states.

V. **Appeal to the Disarmament Conference.**

Considering the rapid development of war machinery and the increasing intensity of modern armaments, especially chemical munitions, lead to inevitable competition in destructive inventions and expose humanity to overwhelming danger;

And considering that armament inflation leads to the financial ruin of all nations;

This Congress of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, including delegates from 18 countries, assembled at Dublin, calls upon you, the representatives of the International Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations to use all possible energy and good will in preparing for real, complete and universal disarmament as soon as possible.

The Irish section presented the congress with a gavel in green enamel. This color of verdure was in evidence in the public lamp posts, in gowns, badges, stationery and the great stretches of meadows all about the city of Dublin. The official program bore on its cover the picture of a cottage woman at the old home industry of spinning, a dove hovering over her and the emblems of home at her feet.

This ancient city of Dublin, in this little island with its Boyne Valley of Kings and tombs older than the pyramids, has given us many surprises. On our way to the meetings we noted many a noble mansion with bullet holes in the windows, groups of unemployed along the way, poverty and inspiring cathedrals jostling each other, snatches of wit, easy friendliness, and such playing of old laments and jigs on the violin!

AMALIE HOFER JEROME.

Dublin, Ireland.

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League of Nations didn't give Mossul to England but placed it under Irak on the condition that England be the protector of Irak for 20 years!!

In the meantime American Standard Oil takes as compensation oil wells in China.

War continues because beneath the questions of disarmament is found oil, iron, checks and bank notes.

Last year the United States furnished France with 40 million dollars worth of powder. But that did not prevent its being said in America: "It is awful for France to be making war in Morocco." The United States forget that the war in Morocco was being carried on with American gunpowder.

Militarism is the servant of money. . . .

From a speech by Marcelle Capy. in Geneva. *Pax International.*

INTERNATIONALISM AND PATRIOTISM

"Hayes, of Columbia University, is preaching Internationalism to the American people!" says the *Brooklyn Eagle* in huge headlines, over a staccato full-page article, quoting and attacking Professor Hayes' new book, "Essays on Nationalism." The author of the article maintains that Professor Hayes, in pointing out that the extreme nationalistic spirit breeds intolerance, militarism, and war, has shown himself unpatriotic and even bolshevistic.

But the thoughtful editor of the *Bulletin* of the Foreign Policy Association commends the Hayes book as "a brilliant, provocative series of studies on 'the most significant emotional factor in public life today,'" and the New York *Herald-Tribune* says: "Professor Hayes recognizes, as I think every sober-minded observer must recognize, that unless the claims of nationalism are subjugated to the wider demands of international necessity, the outlook for the future is grim indeed. His case, I believe, is overwhelmingly made out."

It is worthy of note that Professor Hayes concludes his essays with the wish that we may "temper our national loyalty with an honest and reasoned respect for all other nationalities." If this be bolshevism, make the most of it!—*MacMillan Company Book News.*

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